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Opening extract from

Spooky Poems

Written by

James Carter & Brian Moses

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For the spooktacular Mark Hawkins, a fabulous fiend and a magician of a musician – JC

For Anne, my wife and my creative adviser, who has the uncanny knack of knowing which of my lines are duff ones, sometimes even before I've written them. Spooky, eh? – BM

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SCARIES AND SKELLINGTONS

BONES AND GHOULS

WIZARDS AND WITCHES

AND WILY WOLVES

PLEASE HOLLER PLEASE HOWL

PLEASE MAKE A GREAT DIN –

FOR SPOOKY POEMS

WILL NOW BEGIN . . .

James Carter

DON'T READ THIS BOOK

This book may well disturb you,
it will creep into your dreams,
for nothing you read in this book
is ever quite the way it seems.

This book may well reveal
unpleasant things about yourself.
If I were you I think I'd leave it
up there on the shelf.

It's a wild and upsetting read
from first page to the last,
a wrong-side-of-the-road trip
as strange ideas slip past.

You'd be far better off not knowing
about the horrors hidden within.
It's an open tomb, graveyard gloom,
it's sorrow and it's sin.

Your parents will be worried
if they see you sneaking a look.
Your teacher will advise you to read
any other kind of book.



So just leave it, don't be tempted,
don't give it a second look.
You're far too nice a person
to read such an alarming book.

Brian Moses

A GOOD SCARY POEM NEEDS . . .

A haunted house,

a pattering mouse.

A spooky feeling,

a spider-webbed ceiling.

A squeaking door,

a creaking floor.

A swooping bat,

the eyes of a cat.

A dreadful dream,

a distant scream.

A ghost that goes 'BOO'

and **You!**

Brian Moses

WHAT TO SAY IF YOU MEET A GHOST . . .

Aaa
aaaaaaa
aaaaaaa
!!! *aaaaaa* *!!!*
!! *aaaaa* *!!*
!! *aaa* *!!*
!! *aaaaaaa* *!!*
aaaaaaaaaaaaaa
aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa
aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa
aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa
aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa
aaaaaaaaaaaaaaa
aaaaaaaaaaaaa
aaaaaaaaa
aaaaaaa
hhhh
hhh
hhh
hh
hh
h
!
!
!

James Carter

THE FEAR

I am the footsteps that crackle on gravel
and the sudden chill that's hard to explain.
I am the figure seen flitting through doorways
and the noisy rattle of a loose windowpane.

I am the scream that wakes you at night
with the thought, was it real or a dream?
I am the quickening thud of your heart
and the feeling things aren't what they seem.

I am the slam of a door blown shut
when there isn't even a breeze
and the total and absolute certainty
that you just heard someone sneeze.

I am the midnight visitor,
the knock when there's no one there.
I am the ceiling creaking
and the soft footfall on your stair.

I am the shadows that dance on your wall
and the phantoms that float through your head.
And I am the fear that you feel each night
as you wriggle down deep in your bed.

Brian Moses



GHOSTLY BUSINESS

Have you ever seen a ghost?

A what?

A ghost!

Pardon?

A grey ghost?

Sorry?

A gruesome grey ghost?

Errr . . . ?

A horribly huge, gruesome grey ghost?

Umm . . . ?

***A**n utterly ugly, horribly huge, gruesome grey ghost?*

Why?

There's one behind yooooooooooooou!

James Carter

GHOSTS OF THE LONDON UNDERGROUND

In the subway tunnels
dying to be found,
on the Circle Line
going round and round,
in the wail of the wind,
a peculiar sound,
these ghosts
of the London Underground.

Down, deep down, down deep underground
these ghosts of the London Underground.

And maybe you'll find
you can see right through
the passenger sitting
opposite you,
or a skull appears
from beneath a hood
and you really wish
you were made of wood,
that you didn't see
what you think you did
and all these horrors
were still well hid.

Down, deep down, down deep underground
with ghosts of the London Underground.

No ticket needed,
    you travel free
in the freakiest, scariest
    company.
Stand clear of the doors,
    we're about to depart,
so block up your ears
    and hope that your heart
is strong enough
    to survive the ride,
we're taking a trip
    to the other side.

Down, deep down, down deep underground
with ghosts of the London Underground.

And the tunnels echo
    with demonic screams
that chill your blood
    and drill into your dreams.
And you can imagine
    only too well
how these tunnels might lead you
    STRAIGHT INTO HELL . . .

Down, deep down, down deep underground
Down, deep down, down deep underground
Down, deep down, down deep underground
these ghosts of the London Underground.

these ghosts . . .

these ghosts . . .

these ghosts . . .

Brian Moses